THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Deacon & Peterson, Publishers,
NUMBER SIXTY-SIX SOUTH THIRD ST.

Two Dollars Per Annum, In Advance.
THREE DOLLARS IF NOT PAID IN ADVANCE.

EDMUND DEACON, } EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS.
PETERSON,

CLUBS.—FOR TERMS TO CLUBS, SEE PROSPECTUS ON THIRD PAGE

A FAMILY NEWSPAPER; NEUTRAL IN POLITICS.

DEVOTED TO MORALITY, PURE LITERATURE, FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC NEWS, AGRICULTURE, THE COMMERCIAL INTEREST, SCIENCE, ART AND AMUSEMENT.

VOLUME XXXI. PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, JANUARY 3, 1852. WHOLE NO. 1588.

Original Poetry.

ANNIE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Her love is very beautiful—
The lily's spotless hue;
Her eyes, which ever follow me,
Are Heaven's own deepest blue;
Like rose buds are her little lips,
Her motion full of grace;
And spiritually clear and fair
Her unaverse young face.

Her smile is sunshine to my heart,
Her silver voice a tone
I always love to hear—her health,
Like that of flowers is hers;
She is my God, my only child,
And as to mother's love
To a father eternity sound her heart—
She is in light above!

Her name while none are by to hear my words,
Her lips are ever dumb;
Her cheek of silver, golden hair
Fall down upon my cheek;
I hear her voice, and watch her eyes,
And whisper her above.
Such voices fill the air—and there,
There be such eyes of love!"

When trouble fills my aching heart,
And I am God's sad prey,
Her greeting lips and gentle gaze
Drive all the gloom away.
The words her cheek puts on my heart
And lessons every sigh—
I have no doubt how well that heart
Would be, were she to die!

Original Novelet.

EOLINE;
OR,
MAGNOLIA VALE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY CAROLINE LEE HENTZ,
AUTHOR OF "LINDA," "HENA," &c.

[Entered according to the Act of Congress, by Deacon & Peterson, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

CHAPTER I.

A cheerful fire blazed on the hearth. An elegant sofa was wheeled directly in front of it, and an embroidered footstool placed ready for the feet of the expected occupant.

Mr. Glenmore, a portly and commanding looking man, a purple wine glass, and a newspaper, gray washed silk wrapper, his evening costume, entered and took his accustomed seat.

A young girl was rising from the window recess, unfastening the curtains and arranging the folds, as they fell in rich volumes to the floor. After she had thus brought out the firelight and lamp-light with the proper relief by the neatest and orange colored drapery on which they flashed, she looked around with a smiling countenance, as if pleased with the air of home here comfort and luxury that pervaded the room. Then she put a green shade over the lamp to soften its moonlight splendor, and drew a beautiful transparency before the fire-place, so as to intercept the too glowing heat of the fire.

"And now," said she, smiling herself at the pleasure, and casting a look of mingled pride and fingers, "now, for your evening serenade, father, dear."

She began to warble with the sweetness and volubility of the mocking bird.

"That is a pretty tune I have just learned. Is it not charming?"

"I am not in a musical vein to night, Eoline."

"Are you sick? I am sorry, for I feel most particularly melodious. I am sorry, too, my harp is among some one else's—but really I must sing, and that made him involuntarily rise also, and turn his face to the fire.

"Well, young lady, do you see any symptoms of weakness in my knees?"

"No, sir."

"Then pray, if not dotty, must teach you submission."

"Father, I cannot marry Horace Cleveland!"

"Do you dare to tell me this, when it is my absolute will that you should?"

"I dare, when your will is contrary to a higher one."

Mr. Glenmore was a man who never could endure the slightest contradiction, even in matters of the most trifling import. He knew of no sovereign more absolute than his own will, no law more binding than that which he himself established. What he had once said, must be, beside which all else must fall. This Eoline, so gentle, and yielding in all minor things, so childlike and affectionate in her daily demeanor, so obsequious to all the wishes and caprices of her parent, to please him in the minutest particular, so fearful of displeasing him, even by a single look, now had unfortunately borne his authority, and his will, and thwart the favorite plan he had been meditating from his youth. Horace Cleveland was wealth, talents, influence, friends, and favor—in the other, poverty, disgrace, and banishment."

"My choice is made, then," was the low, but firm response. "I will be true to my plighted faith, and it cannot be dishonor."

"Foolish girl—heedless!" exclaimed Mr. Glenmore, pushing back the sofa, till it rolled half across the room, and sweeping down the wrapper of the apartment in the violence of his gesture, and laid her cheek against his arm.

"Come, Eoline," said he, gently shaking her, then taking her hand and seating her on the sofa by his side—"this is all very sweet and very pretty, but you must not be so fond of sentiment, and give your undivided attention to what I have to say. I have had a long interview with Mr. Cleveland."

Eoline started, but said nothing.

"He thinks with me, that there is no use in delay. Time can make no difference in our intentions."

"Neither can it in mine," answered Eoline, with a low voice and heightened color.

"I knew of your engagement, but you had no right to consider it a parent's will," said Mr. Glenmore, with increasing impatience, "and that you do not admit the possibility of their existence."

"They may, however, have as deep a life as if the admission were made," replied the daughter, firmly.

"I am not about to engage in a useless discussion," said Mr. Glenmore, stirring his words coldly and deliberately, giving each their due weight and accent; "my own mind is made up, and nothing can change its decision. When Horace was a little boy, and you a pensive infant in your mother's arms, it was made up. When he was a youth in college, and you a child at school, it was confirmed. And now he is a young man, returned from abroad with a complete education and established character, and you in the bloom of young womanhood, it is fixed immutable as the decree of destiny. Mr. Cleveland has no more idea of change than I have. He knows his connection to be for life, and I expect and require the same obedience

Eoline's head fell upon her father's knee, and she broke forth with extreme—"I cannot, I cannot!"

"No, sir—nor will I overcome, till you think as I think, till you feel as I feel. I pray I may not forget what is due to my children—I must remember that I am a woman—a very young one, it is true, but no less supreme in that account. Horace Cleveland loves me not. You say, he is ever cold, distant, reserved, and haughty. There is in my nature a pride that makes me shrink into myself, whenever I meet him—I fear him. He dislikes me. There is a mutual repulsion, that never will be overcome. Under such circumstances, instead of being a victim to a sin. 'Tis sacrilege—and I will judge it so."

"Enough, enough!" interrupted Mr. Glenmore, impatiently; "I did not know that you could talk so rashly. You are really quite an orator; but I tell you, Eoline, it is all useless and unreasonable. Horace Cleveland is a young man of fine principles, splendid talents, the best of blood, fortune, and the son of my earliest friend. There is not a more desirable match in this country. He is willing to marry you—and this is a sufficient proof of his love. He is no dandy or fop, no petty lady's man, but a man in the midst of better, stormier materials. If you expect the honeyed sentiments of which you have read in novels, you may be disappointed, and I deserve to be so, for I have no high flown relationship, you have made him so, by your own pride and reserve. It is you that frozen him with your coldness. You have driven him to the verge of—"

"I do not complain," said Eoline, in a tone of the deepest dejection; "I care not for him—I do not love him—I do not think that you are anxious to rid yourself of me, and I am willing to own to your care. Ever since my mother's death," continued she, with a solemn earnestness into her eyes, and glittering on their fringes, "I have felt that I was your responsible charge—your care. I have never known a wish of yours that I have not endeavored to fulfil. Oh, my dear father, I have been happy in your love, and I have not made me happy. Let me be so!" she exclaimed, throwing her arms around his neck, and kissing his cheek, "let me not be the cause of your unhappiness. Let me not be the cause of your unhappiness. Let me not be the cause of your unhappiness.

vanished out of her sight! And as for Neptune, Amphitrite and the Nereides, she had seen them frequently. Of an afternoon when she would lie upon the beach—when the sun was setting in a blaze of glory, and the sea was fierce and deep, and reflecting all the purple and golden and crimson clouds, she had looked down into the deep, profound waters, and vaguely as through a golden haze, discerned Amphitrite and the sea-nymphs floating languidly, borne about through their sea palaces of amber and coral! She talked of Zephyr and the Sylphs, too, but they were delicate myths, she said, and would not manifest themselves. She liked Boreas better. Boreas was her good friend. She used to stop until her evening reading when the Winter wind howled around the house, and laugh aloud, at—

"*That's Boreas!* growling for us to come out and have a romp with him! And we will follow! You infidel! You prefer to roughly Winter's nights!"

She worshipped Apollo! She vowed also knew that she was the child of the Sun. That he had given her those glowing, crimson cheeks and lips—that lustrous black hair, with the thigh of red fire gleaming around the long spiral curls—and that warm blood that flowed cold could not freeze or chill! She believed it the divine idea, but not with the ardent enthusiasm, love and faith with which she received the Pantheon. She could never adore as she loved. Her mind was light, elastic, when the frothy waves were breaking softly on the beach, she could then, and only then revive their genuine fame rising and falling, flitting and dancing between the sea and land! Like the luminous child of nature that she was, she lived a charmed life. From the noble mind of the composer, Handel, blinded, poor and in poverty, her spirit escaped to revel in the gorgeous panorama of nature, and in the free and joyous world of imaginations, gambolled with her own illusions. It was useless for Hugh to combat her fancies—he laughed at them—he had no such beings as the daily companions of his thoughts ever existed! Her look, of wonder and joy—her wild laughter at his unbelief, would banish all discomfort from him. If he told her there was but one God—Jehovah—she answered, would become overshadowed with an awful awe, and reverence, would whisper in a tone of deep, awful reverence, —"I know that there is but one God above all gods—He dwelleth high in the highest Heaven!" and then, as if her soul's heart was too solitary for her wild nature, she would look up—charge it, and with a beautiful thoughtful, practical boy, Hugh, would smile her, love her, hear her in his soul and up with his prayers to that awful Heaven she dwelt from.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Original Lectures.

MR. LORD'S LECTURES ON THE HEROES OF THE REFORMATION.

LECTURE IV.

THOMAS CRANMER, AND THE ENGLISH CHURCH.

PHONOGRAPHICALLY REPORTED EXPRESSLY FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Nothing characterized the sixteenth century more peculiarly than the spirit of determination universally manifested against unnatural power, and the spirit of progress which in all the great departments of human progress. In nearly all the countries of Europe there was a strong desire in the human mind to achieve its freedom, and among all classes in society an anxiety to improve their condition. Reformation in the sea kept pace with a steady opposition to papal encroachments, and material progress seemed to be identified with spiritual progress. The extension of the fine arts, stimulated by the genius of the fifteenth century, was only equalled by a reviving zeal for knowledge, and the discussion of principles, which was the most elegant of the superstitions of the middle ages. In Germany, the home of intellectual progress, headed by Luther, was triumphant in its mental struggles. I have already pointed that powerful mind under Luther, with Melancthon, under Gustavus Adolphus,—both glorious and immortal names. They were bold and strong, we must admit, with great skills,—skills so great that a superficial observer might pronounce them elements too deadly for good. In France the same struggle was unsuccessful, at least as far as outward victory is concerned; and in Switzerland, heroism was equally marked and equally exhibited.

It is now my object to describe the same contention England—for the Reformation, in every other light is viewed as a mental revolution, a conflict between fidelity to corrupt institutions on the one hand, and the free spirit of knowledge and investigation on the other. It began in a singular manner, and under circumstances peculiar to itself. It was marked with no unusual a character, that we see in it, more signally than in most events, the finger of an overruling Power, and there are the acts of Providence which lead on to improve all the Reformation in England, and carry most in every European country; for the same causes operated in England and Germany, in Switzerland and France. In England, the same evils existed in the Church as on the Continent, and the same ignorance and superstition, as the encroachments of the Pope, whose usurpations there were equally monstrous and unjustifiable, and were maintained with equal hardihood and audacity. The common people were equally oppressed and impoverished with great the improvement of the country, and sought a deliverance from papal influence more sincerely and earnestly than in any country in Europe, in which even the most powerful of the Norman Kings had been compelled to submit to the most humiliating views with grief

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA:
SATURDAY, JANUARY 3, 1852.

SATURDAY EVENING POST
STEAM-POWER BOOK AND JOB PRINTING OFFICE,
No. 66 SOUTH THIRD STREET, PHILA.,

Where Books, Pamphlets, Hand Bills, Way Bills, Circulars, Bill Heads, Cards, Labels, &c., &c., are printed with despatch, in the most elegant manner, and on the most reasonable terms.

DEACON & PETERSON, Proprietors.

NEXT YEAR'S CAMPAIGN.

Our present design is to commence Mrs. Lon Henry's original novelet of

EOLINE; OR, MAGNOLIA VALE,

about the commencement of the new year. If Mrs. Southworth's story be not concluded, we shall probably publish them together in limited companionship, for several weeks. It seems almost a necessity to commence a new story about the commencement of the year.

When Mrs. Lon Henry's story is concluded, we design laying before our readers

VIOLA; OR, ADVENTURES IN THE FAR SOUTH-WEST.

BY EMERSON BENNETT.

Viola will be a companion novelet to Mr. Bennett's very popular "Prairie Flower," though the interest will be separate and distinct.

Then will come the time for Mr. T. S. Arthur's original novelet—written expressly for the Post—

TRIAL AND TRIUMPH,

which will be distinguished by the graceful characteristics of that gentleman's pen.

After all these are gone through, we shall be prepared to announce a new one not again ready for

THE CURSE OF CLIFTON;

A TALE OF RETRIBUTION AND REDEMPTION.

What will come in the way of fiction after the above, we have not yet determined. We think the four novelets mentioned a sufficiently rich bill of fare to commence proceedings upon.

In addition to the above we shall publish, as we shall not neglect the usual assortment of Miscellaneous matter—composed in a great degree of the numerous articles that appear in the English periodicals, together with the Cream of New-World Original Literature. Poetry, News, &c., &c.—hesitating at no reasonable expense to add to the variety and interest of our columns, and make them worthy of a first class paper, and of our great circulation.

And in view of our efforts for the entertainment and instruction of our readers, may we not expect a continuance of the good kindness and friendly interest heretofore shown in our behalf, and expressed not only by words, but by efforts to extend the circulation of the Post? Our efforts are very moderate—so moderate in fact as a first class paper can be maintained at all.

We might, we grant, take our inside matter at second-hand, and half-price, from some daily paper; or procure our stories for nothing—the unknown, namby-pamby writers with sentimentality, instead of outlining such stories as Mrs. Southworth, Mrs. Lon Henry, Mr. Arthur, Mr. Bennett, &c., &c., but we are thankful we are not compelled to pursue such a contemptible course. Our plan is to pay liberally, and make a first class paper, knowing that the public fully understand that a poor paper is not worth the sheet it is printed upon, and is therefore dear at any price.

From Washington.

CONGRESSIONAL NEWS.

SENATE.

On the 22nd, Mr. Miller introduced a bill making appropriation for the improvement of certain rivers and harbors.

Mr. Phelps was the same bill which passed the House at the last session, and which failed to pass the Senate for want of time. It is for the improvement of the bill now, and recommended it to the early consideration of the committee, in order to prevent the same catastrophe which befell the bill at the last session. It was referred to the Committee on Commerce.

On motion of Mr. Dodge, the Committee on Commerce was ordered to ask the Postmaster-General, or any other officer, to report to the Committee on Finance Estimates.

The resolution of Mr. Pratt, calling for information from the Secretary of the Navy, whether any vessels of the Navy have been ordered to the coast of Africa to suppress the slave trade, and if so, what number, and the particulars of the case of one Latimer, who was so pinioned, and then shipped.

The resolution of Mr. Pratt, providing that Friday next be set apart for the call of the States for resolutions, was then taken up and adopted.

Mr. Pratt said that the Committee on Claims had reported at the last session, on one of the most important claims, most of which were acted on. By way that Committee to be formed, another session would be the labor of examining those claims, when the Senate would be pressed for time. He therefore moved a select committee to consider the labor of that Committee be laid before the Committee altogether. The resolution was then adopted, after discussion, by 31 ayes, 17 nays.

The resolution of Mr. Foote, affirming the decision of the Committee on Printing, was then taken up and agreed to.

Mr. Benton took the floor, and spoke upon the subject at length. He said that there was no subject more captivated in his position on the Compromise measures. He now saw the only one in the Senate who had voted for every single measure of the Compromise. Only one other Senator had voted for the Compromise, of Pennsylvania, and he was not in the Senate. He was the only one who had voted for all the measures. What he declared he had voted for, and that he has learnt now told him that he had not voted for the measures to shock upon the platform of the Democratic party; and now are called upon to vote for the measures in the face of opinion on policy were literal; in reasoning, he had voted for the measures as a settlement of the question of the difficulty; the present Congress was large enough to embrace the whole Union, and it is of importance, of the people put the question to rest. The resolution had been rejected in the other House by the Democratic votes, and it is believed that it will be the case in the Senate it would not have met with favor. He was for the resolution, but he was not for the resolution as proposed. He suggested that all the Compromise Acts and pointed out why he had voted for them.

Mr. Foote replied that there was nothing incongruous in this connection with the proposition of the Committee on Printing, or with the principles of the Baltimore platform. He had voted for the measures as a settlement of unsettled party questions, in order to restore harmony to secure pacification and high peace, for which there was every call, to be found in the platform of every party pure. It did not become those who had been foremost for and most active in getting the Baltimore platform, for its end support, to denounce him for having voted for measures in pursuance of, and otherwise in full of platform principles. Those who had been in all kinds of bodies and sales, and those who had joined the party, and were pandering for the support of the accessible factions, and those who had been foremost in getting up the Compromise, should not now talk of factions and Democratic party. The Senator from Missouri [Benton] seems afraid of some from Wilmot Proviso, within Congress. Well might that Senator say so. He (Mr. Benton) belonged to that class of statesmen who were constantly looking out to see which way the wind blew, and to shape their sails so that they might catch the wind and blow into the port they desired. He hoped the day was far distant when any person who had exercised prominent rank and power who had been false to all parties, who possessed no ability, no single moral quality, no principle, no consistency or political honesty, who entered the declaration of the Democratic party, and who declared he should be resisted to the Presidency. I am sure that a person succeeded in getting into that high place, I would be one of the first to denounce the unfair political institution.

Mr. Benton was not aware that he had said anything to this connection with the proposition of the Senator from Mississippi, or desire altogether in connection. He intended for no friend. What he said was that he was never to embark in efforts to get others, he might lose what he had. He was no caterer for the Presidency. He had had no convention or correspondence with any one. He had no wish for the office, and he declared it nothing if Millard Fillmore was elected. The same views there he had done to day. There were no New Hampshire there. He was engaged in discharging his special intricacies. He was engaged in forwarding no particular interest; but it was understood that the Democratic party, for the last two years has been in a state of disorganization. The Democratic party, he thought, if found in bad, but who had at present no political position, and who could not be kept out of ministers, notwithstanding his religion. He was a Democrat, and it was of Paradise. After viewing that party as a party of principles, he had supported it with all his heart, and he intended to support it to the end. He was told the Person was not there, but perhaps it would not be out of place to say that he had always supported timber, and was sustained by the keeper with much confidence and respect. With such a keeper, visitor, the keeper stopped abruptly, saying, 'stay here a moment, I will be back directly.' He went to the next room and in a few minutes returned with a large bear. 'There Peggy, speak down.' [Great laughter.] He (Mr. Benton) belonged to that class of statesmen.

Mr. Foote said that the reasons he had not applied his remarks to the Senator personally was because he knew would be out of order. The Senator could not forget that he was a member of the Democratic party, and that party. The Senator was free at liberty to return to the party he seceded to in 1850, and to which he belonged.

Mr. Hamlin declared all insinuations that he had had any correspondence with the Pennsylvania Democracy, or Democrats, were utterly unfounded. He would not have done so. He had not done so. He would not have done so. He would not have done so. He would not have done so.

Mr. Clay said that if the object of the resolution was to restore harmony, so far as it had operated it was the reverse.

Mr. Foote said he expected the Free-Soilers and Democrats to unite.

Mr. Hale thought the Free-Soilers owed no debt. He said he rose the Senator had made on the resolution. He continued his remarks for some time.

Mr. Clemens said it was not his purpose to reply to anything said by the Senator from New Hampshire [Mr. Hale]. A certain class of Democrats had been denounced by the Senator from Missouri [Mr. Benton].

On the 23rd, the Senate was the same bill which passed the House at the last session, and which failed to pass the Senate for want of time, to be put on the passage of the bill now, and recommended it to the early consideration of the committee, in order to prevent the same catastrophe which befell the bill at the last session. It was referred to the Committee on Commerce.

Mr. Dodge, on motion, was instructed to report a bill to the Postmaster-General, or any other officer, to report to the Committee on Finance Estimates.

The resolution of Mr. Pratt, calling for information from the Secretary of the Navy, whether any vessels of the Navy have been ordered to the coast of Africa to suppress the slave trade, and if so, what number, and the particulars of the case of one Latimer, who was so pinioned, and then shipped.

The resolution of Mr. Pratt, providing that Friday next be set apart for the call of the States for resolutions, was then taken up and adopted.

Mr. Pratt said that the Committee on Claims had reported at the last session, on one of the most important claims, most of which were acted on. By way that Committee to be formed, another session would be the labor of examining those claims, when the Senate would be pressed for time. He therefore moved a select committee to consider the labor of that Committee be laid before the Committee altogether. The resolution was then adopted, after discussion, by 31 ayes, 17 nays.

The resolution of Mr. Foote, affirming the decision of the Committee on Printing, was then taken up and agreed to.

Mr. Benton took the floor, and spoke upon the subject at length. He said that there was no subject more captivated in his position on the Compromise measures. He now saw the only one in the Senate who had voted for every single measure of the Compromise. Only one other Senator had voted for the Compromise, of Pennsylvania, and he was not in the Senate. He was the only one who had voted for all the measures. What he declared he had voted for, and that he has learnt now told him that he had not voted for the measures to shock upon the platform of the Democratic party; and now are called upon to vote for the measures in the face of opinion on policy were literal; in reasoning, he had voted for the measures as a settlement of the question of the difficulty; the present Congress was large enough to embrace the whole Union, and it is of importance, of the people put the question to rest. The resolution had been rejected in the other House by the Democratic votes, and it is believed that it will be the case in the Senate it would not have met with favor. He was for the resolution, but he was not for the resolution as proposed. He suggested that all the Compromise Acts and pointed out why he had voted for them.

Mr. Foote replied that there was nothing incongruous in this connection with the proposition of the Committee on Printing, or with the principles of the Baltimore platform. He had voted for the measures as a settlement of unsettled party questions, in order to restore harmony to secure pacification and high peace, for which there was every call, to be found in the platform of every party pure. It did not become those who had been foremost for and most active in getting the Baltimore platform, for its end support, to denounce him for having voted for measures in pursuance of, and otherwise in full of platform principles. Those who had been in all kinds of bodies and sales, and those who had joined the party, and were pandering for the support of the accessible factions, and those who had been foremost in getting up the Compromise, should not now talk of factions and Democratic party. The Senator from Missouri [Benton] seems afraid of some from Wilmot Proviso, within Congress. Well might that Senator say so. He (Mr. Benton) belonged to that class of statesmen who were constantly looking out to see which way the wind blew, and to shape their sails so that they might catch the wind and blow into the port they desired. He hoped the day was far distant when any person who had exercised prominent rank and power who had been false to all parties, who possessed no ability, no single moral quality, no principle, no consistency or political honesty, who entered the declaration of the Democratic party, and who declared he should be resisted to the Presidency. I am sure that a person succeeded in getting into that high place, I would be one of the first to denounce the unfair political institution.

Mr. Benton was not aware that he had said anything to this connection with the proposition of the Senator from Mississippi, or desire altogether in connection. He intended for no friend. What he said was that he was never to embark in efforts to get others, he might lose what he had. He was no caterer for the Presidency. He had had no convention or correspondence with any one. He had no wish for the office, and he declared it nothing if Millard Fillmore was elected. The same views there he had done to day. There were no New Hampshire there. He was engaged in discharging his special intricacies. He was engaged in forwarding no particular interest; but it was understood that the Democratic party, for the last two years has been in a state of disorganization. The Democratic party, he thought, if found in bad, but who had at present no political position, and who could not be kept out of ministers, notwithstanding his religion. He was a Democrat, and it was of Paradise. After viewing that party as a party of principles, he had supported it with all his heart, and he intended to support it to the end. He was told the Person was not there, but perhaps it would not be out of place to say that he had always supported timber, and was sustained by the keeper with much confidence and respect. With such a keeper, visitor, the keeper stopped abruptly, saying, 'stay here a moment, I will be back directly.' He went to the next room and in a few minutes returned with a large bear. 'There Peggy, speak down.' [Great laughter.] He (Mr. Benton) belonged to that class of statesmen.

Mr. Foote said that the reasons he had not applied his remarks to the Senator personally was because he knew would be out of order. The Senator could not forget that he was a member of the Democratic party, and that party. The Senator was free at liberty to return to the party he seceded to in 1850, and to which he belonged.

Mr. Hamlin declared all insinuations that he had had any correspondence with the Pennsylvania Democracy, or Democrats, were utterly unfounded. He would not have done so. He had not done so. He would not have done so. He would not have done so. He would not have done so.

Mr. Clay said that if the object of the resolution was to restore harmony, so far as it had operated it was the reverse.

Mr. Foote said he expected the Free-Soilers and Democrats to unite.

Mr. Hale thought the Free-Soilers owed no debt. He said he rose the Senator had made on the resolution. He continued his remarks for some time.

Mr. Clemens said it was not his purpose to reply to anything said by the Senator from New Hampshire [Mr. Hale]. A certain class of Democrats had been denounced by the Senator from Missouri [Mr. Benton].

On the 22nd, Mr. Miller introduced a bill making appropriation for the improvement of certain rivers and harbors.

Mr. Phelps

Selected Poetry.

FAMILY WORSHIP.

We will not say the former days
Were better than our own—
That softer fell the dews of heaven—
Or the sun more brightly shone—
That the stars look'd down with a sweeter light
Through the depths of the azure sky—
Or that the flowers more rosebuds bore
Of a richer harmony.

For we trust Jehovah's word is pledged
For the sunshine and the dew—
The flowers rise, and the breath of Spring
Shall their washed lids renew—
And the sublime of nature's praise is beyond
Through the changing year the same—
And to continue upon the stars at night
Their silver pencil pours.

But we miss, oh! we miss a voice in the morn
The holy spell to break—
The sweet and solemn music to blend
And a song of joy happiness
In the song they are singing now.

A wake, ye children of them who sleep
In the bed of eternal rest—
And let your voices blend again
With the anthems of the bow'd.
We know ye learned at your father's hearth
The hymns of love and praise;
Let us hear your song with your children now—
The song of holy days!

Oh! so sweet on the bench of the balmy air
Shall the sound of such music be,
That passing people shall pause to hear
And rejoice in the melody!
And the angels shall hover above that tel
When no rude wind is stirred,
Shall the power of the music on that home descend
Where the worship of God is loved.

From Hogg's Instructor.

Selected Articles.

TURKISH CHILDREN.

BY A LADY CORRESPONDENT OF THE TRIBUNE.

ADA MUNN, *November, 1851.*

I flattered myself I had done with Turkey high life, but since I have spoken of the great object of domestic care, children, I must say something upon the sort of education they receive in this country.

If there is in the human world a class of persons wholly and perfectly intolerable, hateful, disgusting, unlucky, they are Turkish children of good families. Only imagine a lot of little savages, dressed up in flowing and loose robes like an aunt's dressing gown, with a fez, or Mussulmanic, on their head, all control, giving orders to their mothers, almost to a pistol and demanding gifts to their sisters, and kicks to the servants. They have no masters, because it is not deemed necessary that they should learn anything, nor do they receive instruction of any sort, since their father is the only person in Stamboul who is fool to instruct it, and as he inhabits the harem where the children live only at night, they take refuge in the street all the time he is there, who wish to give them. But the harem is of itself the school of pieces, and children study there all the morbid ill-will soon be developed by the most finished. The eunuch with a whip, and the affectionate fathers present to their male offspring some little slaves, girls of course, with whom they can do as many disagreeable things as have seen the true boys of a savoured Pasha, one step removed from the other girls, who, from all over the harem by a dozen of each unhappy girls, still more unhappy than their grown up companions, and the other, a very fine looking fellow, explained to me, half in speech and half in pantomime, that were his pipe not out of his mouth he would have given me a box on the ears. During my explanation by signs, which were pretty and disagreeable mummy, illustrated his brother's saying by kicking and pinching most cruelly, as three of the above-named dependents, who were manifestly afraid to let their tears (not their cheeks). Many of them think that being tricked, beaten, and pinched is the wrong end of life! If you would know how you are quite mistaken, allow me to tell you.

We are so accustomed to combine in this quiet little establishment, that I remember, that it was rather difficult to divest even the worst of children of their natural affection. But in their conduct they have changed it all. From the moment they are born they appear to have a natural spite. Turkish children are allowed to go everywhere in the harem, and at all hours. For them there are no occasions, positively speaking, when they are if they were not present, and well they may, since they are never punished.

I first came thus in the house of a Cadi; that is to say, I was there paying a visit at noon days to his lady; and, shortly after, she left me to receive some old, was with me. Our host, a very respectable old man, with a white beard and two children of about eleven years—one very pretty and the other ugly—came to pay their first compliment, and this pronunciation was soon destroyed. The first evening of my establishment in the harem, I retired to bed with my daughter in my room, when did we find there but the two boys, who came to bid me good night, and they are certainly going, said I to my daughter; "let us wish a few compliments to these gentlemen." But I was speaking an unknown language, and they were forward of the room, down deliberately upon the ottoman, inviting us to follow it's example, and sit at liberty without paisding them. I was very tired and sleepy, and so was my daughter, and of course I became very cross. "I will go to bed," I said, "and I'll rather blindly. "Really do you?" says the little tormentor; "and you no?" (turning to my daughter), "you must not undress yourself. Why, how tiresome! But never mind; go, go to bed, there is room for us all." "Well, I declare, excellent thing!" exclaimed I quite aloud, "we must have to go and lie down in our clothes because you?" He looked as if he understood, but did not move, so that after having reiterated my intention three or four times, and always in vain, I was not wishing to come to blows as long as I could help it, I went in search of their mother to get her to relieve me from the infliction of her brats. But she was not to be found anywhere. "You don't like the children?" she asked; "are they troublesome? They like so much to see you." "Not at all," said I; "but I would thought proper to interfere. He had undertaken and said his say. *Fonds consolidated* was the one His grown up persons. "That is it," I exclaimed, and the children were hurried away. "There is a new law in force," said the lady, "you know, and luckily I took the precaution of putting my children in the room of the one of a barricade. None than once in the night I heard the door and trouble shaken by a little one belonging to my friend's apartment, but they were to be able to ascertain if Franks slept like Ottomans.

I will not weary you with the relation of all my troubles during my seven-and-twenty days' visit, but I shall commemorate to you the end of it. I was offered a bath, one of those filthy processions I described in my letter from Broussa. I refuse would have been reckoned uncivil, so I arranged, and prepared myself for the disgusting exhibition. I had already been undergoing it for some minutes, perspiring from top to toe, dressed, and in a state of misery, when I was sent into the hall to receive my own two sons for the happy moment when I should be able to take my departure. I closed the door upon the two boys, and what did I see but my two little monsters entering the bath room with smiling faces, each of them carrying a pair of slippers under his arm, to put between his fingers. I lost all patience and forbearance, and in a moment of rage and of despair, I ran toward the door quite determined to lay a violent hand upon their stray shoes. It seems this was the signal for a battle royal, for as soon as they caught sight of it they made a most pitiful and hearty howling, persuaded that nothing was left for me to do but to slam the door, throw the slippers at my enemy, and get out of the hospitable house at once.

Many Turkish families had invited me to spend some days with them, and after having left the harem, I declared I should go nowhere where there were boys among the children. The absence of such nuisances I enjoyed some quiet, but it was a tiresome and often a melancholy sort of existence. I found little pleasure where there were no boys, and though not so insufferable, they were to me a somewhat stupid. Where shall we look for innocence, if children have none left? And how can they remain any, when not even the irregular relations between the master and his slaves are kept secret, or hidden from their eyes? Many and frightful disorders have poisoned the peace of more than one family, and disorders at once fatal to the absolute want of innocence in the children of the wealthy.

CONSTANTINE TRIFFLEIN D. HELLOPOULO.

Wit and Humor.

PENNY MARKET AND WITTY INTELLIGENCE.—Notwithstanding the improvement in the funds of manner, which we have recently noticed, they made a further advance in consequence of a large transaction in stock jokes, supposed to have been made in anticipation of the Christmas consumption. The intrinsic value has not yet begun to operate; but when they do commence, the better sort of puns will go rapidly up; but it is expected they will go down with the audience—at about Christmas time.

The Queen's Bench Prison has become the scene of the selling of one of the oldest jokers in the city. Mr. Joe Grimaldi has been for some time thoroughly inundated with his jokes, and he has long been dealing in accumulation jokes; but he has now come to a point, when those have we will not at present mention, that he is willing to part more reluctantly to shall, and the Misses Joe—and company, into whom he has made that joke very deeply—will be the chief sufferers.

There was an arrival to-day of conundrums and other things that have been waiting for an embankment at Dover, which generally keep them locked about rather freely. Several parcels were delivered at the Police office, but few are above the average. The following are the best specimens:—

"If figs are sold at sixpence a pound by the ounce, how should they be sold by the hundred?"

"If I do get ice in the place of food in 'sheets, what would it be in the form of a pie?"

The market was well supplied with small yarns, some of which was absent equal to the Billingsgate.

"An individual says that the following trans- lation of Horace, Book 1, Ode 1, is correct—I might but I knocked him down) during a three years' journey from Kensington to the city—

"Some persons delight in the confusion of an omnibus."

"Why is a perfect gift of the lower quality of stuffs, which are offered at any price, like the Queen's speech?" Because it is not all-wintry; he then usually has a vinegar-glass full of water, and a sponge in his hand. It is the next dagguerreotype—when his stomach is full of brandy and water.

"Why is a man who has had his head cut off like a conjuring trick?" Because it's the exceeding quantity of water which at every interval he drinks—he then decides the operation by putting that cool sponge to the gallon-water and chamois-leather, into those places which have been formerly washed with those spirits. And then was that famous cheat performed, and, indeed, acted with such a part that many people, on all occasions, were known to be did not only strike an admiration into vulgar minds, but even astonished the more sensible and judicious and more deserving part of men, who were present at the time. Is not this a piece of knavery. From this it would appear that the method used was the same with that of the Egyptians, who, as we are informed by historians—that, in accordance with the tastes of a order of gentlemen, they would, on certain occasions, suites for the liquor, whereas, in the present more fashionable age, they are contented with a single bottle. They are contented with a water would, of course, require considerable cool, and which would also be very much valued by conducive to the health of the operator."

The

PREACHER AND THE ROBBERS.

A Methodist preacher many years ago was journeying in a village where he was to dispense the word of life on the morrow. He was mounted on his duty, and was stopped on his way by three robbers. One of them seized his bridle rein, another presented a pistol and demanded his money; the third was a more bolder on.

The grave and solemn man looked at each and all of them in the face, and with great gravity and seriousness said, "Friends, did you pray when you went to mourn? If not, I did you did not to bless you in your undertakings to-day?"

The robbers looked at him for a moment. Discovering themselves, one said, "We have no time to answer such questions, we want your money."

"I am a poor preacher of the gospel, and have no money to give to anyone; but if you have any need of prayer, I have shall be given to you."

"We have no time as all to be had to give.

"Yes!"

"Well, then give it to us."

In taking the watch from his pocket, his address to the passengers.

He then addressed them as follows: "I have not time to say everything I could, but one word will be long remembered by you as you asked for. I have one favor to ask of you."

"What is it?"

"That you hand down and allow me to pray for you, and that you will kneel down and pray for your hearts and put you in the right way."

"I'll have nothing to do with the man's thing," said one of the robbers, "let him go."

"Nor I either, said another of them. Now, if you are determined to go, you are come to the right road, and they are certainly going." said I to my daughter; "let us wish a few compliments to these gentlemen." But I was speaking an unknown language, and they were forward of the room, down deliberately upon the ottoman, inviting us to follow it's example, and sit at liberty without paisding them. I was very tired and sleepy, and so was my daughter, and of course I became very cross. "I will go to bed," I said, "and I'll rather blindly. "Really do you?" says the little tormentor; "and you no?" (turning to my daughter), "you must not undress yourself. Why, how tiresome! But never mind; go, go to bed, there is room for us all." "Well, I declare, excellent thing!" exclaimed I quite aloud, "we must have to go and lie down in our clothes because you?" He looked as if he understood, but did not move, so that after having reiterated my intention three or four times, and always in vain, I was not wishing to come to blows as long as I could help it, I went in search of their mother to get her to relieve me from the infliction of her brats. But she was not to be found anywhere. "You don't like the children?" she asked; "are they troublesome? They like so much to see you." "Not at all," said I; "but I would thought proper to interfere. He had understood and said his say. *Fonds consolidated* was the one His grown up persons. "That is it," I exclaimed, and the children were hurried away. "There is a new law in force," said the lady, "you know, and luckily I took the precaution of putting my children in the room of the one of a barricade. None than once in the night I heard the door and trouble shaken by a little one belonging to my friend's apartment, but they were to be able to ascertain if Franks slept like Ottomans.

I will not weary you with the relation of all my troubles during my seven-and-twenty days' visit, but I shall commemorate to you the end of it. I was offered a bath, one of those filthy processions I described in my letter from Broussa. I refuse would have been reckoned uncivil, so I arranged, and prepared myself for the disgusting exhibition. I had already been undergoing it for some minutes, perspiring from top to toe, dressed, and in a state of misery, when I was sent into the hall to receive my own two sons for the happy moment when I should be able to take my departure. I closed the door upon the two boys, and what did I see but my two little monsters entering the bath room with smiling faces, each of them carrying a pair of slippers under his arm, to put between his fingers. I lost all patience and forbearance, and in a moment of rage and of despair, I ran toward the door quite determined to lay a violent hand upon their stray shoes. It seems this was the signal for a battle royal, for as soon as they caught sight of it they made a most pitiful and hearty howling, persuaded that nothing was left for me to do but to slam the door, throw the slippers at my enemy, and get out of the hospitable house at once.

Many Turkish families had invited me to spend some days with them, and after having left the harem, I declared I should go nowhere where there were boys among the children. The absence of such nuisances I enjoyed some quiet, but it was a tiresome and often a melancholy sort of existence. I found little pleasure where there were no boys, and though not so insufferable, they were to me a somewhat stupid. Where shall we look for innocence, if children have none left? And how can they remain any, when not even the irregular relations between the master and his slaves are kept secret, or hidden from their eyes? Many and frightful disorders have poisoned the peace of more than one family, and disorders at once fatal to the absolute want of innocence in the children of the wealthy.

CONSTANTINE TRIFFLEIN D. HELLOPOULO.

City Scenes.

RAPIDITY OF THE MAGNETIC TELEGRAPH.

TRAVELLER.—Mister, I wish to know of my friends in Pittsburg, if—

OPERATOR.—That is enough, sir; there is your answer.

INTERESTING HERBER RELIC.

By the politeness of Colonel Lea, Constable of Carlisle Indian Affairs, we have been favored with a perusal of great rarity of interest, left for a few days at the Bureau. It was brought from the Wyandotte Reservation, by Mr. KEZIAH BIDDLE, by Dr. Lykin, who has been residing there nearly twenty years of the time he has spent on the frontier. It consists of four small rolls or strips of parchment, closely written in the small, neat, and legible hand of a lady or student of short acquaintance. On the back or outside of short acquaintance. On the back or outside of short acquaintance. On the back or outside